

ITALY'S BAD BREAK.

Invasion of Abyssinia Disastrous to Her Army.

AN ANCIENT PEOPLE'S IRE.

France and Russia Believed to Be at the Back of King Menelik's Curious Customs of His Subjects—Are Still Fighters.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

The great Powers of Europe are not having the walk-over that they fondly expected in the work of subjugating various small nations which they desire to "protect."

Spain is having an uphill fight of it in dealing with Cuba, and England's clever life in trying to conquer the warlike Abyssinians, and unless she makes startling improvements, that ancient people may overwhelm her with defeat.

Of all the petty wars of the past few months the Abyssinian struggle is the most interesting, for the reason that the people are fearless and capable of meeting slaughter with slaughter. In their recent

afford an easy target for these invaders, who appear like magic, shower their bullets, and disappear before the guns can be trained on them.

But the Abyssinians, who are fighting for the independence of their ancient land, are capable of waging war in the regular way. When fights of this kind are made it is believed that the native forces are offered by French and Russian military men, as tactics are adopted which are known only to soldiers of the most modern schools. This seems to have been the case at Makalle, which was surrendered by the Italians under Colonel Galliano to Ras Makonnen, commander of the Abyssinians, a few days ago. The Italians had held Makalle since last fall, but they were finally starved out. The Italians, with the rapid-fire guns, would have annihilated the Abyssinians had they made an assault on the Fort of Makalle.

REGARD DEBT AS A CRIME.

While the Abyssinians have proved themselves fighters of considerable skill, they are most interesting as a people, for many of their customs are the same which prevailed in the times of the ancients. Debt is their particular abhorrence. To be unable to repay a loan is a disgrace greater than ignominious death, for it places a whole family outside the bosom of the respectable society for generations. Three thousand years ago the Egyptian who contracted a debt always had to give as security the mummy of his father. If he failed to release the corpse of his parent from the hands of the money-lender by repaying the loan he was forever disgraced, and was denied religious services upon his death.

The same spirit animates the Abyssinian. He is taught from babyhood to

the latter's relatives are entitled to wound him in the same way.

THE ITALIAN COMMANDER.

General Oreste Baratieri, commander-in-chief of the Italian forces in Abyssinia, is a skilled fighter in that country. He is 57 years old. In 1878, when he had completed a monkish education, he joined Garibaldi as a volunteer in the Thousand of Marsala. Not long afterward he joined the Italian army, and was quickly promoted until he attained the rank of captain.

Baratieri was wounded at Custoza, after fighting with great gallantry. After traveling to Khartoum with an exploring expedition, and on his return acting for some years as the tutor of the Italian Military, in Rome, he was sent as military attaché to Berlin and Vienna.

At the time that Italy became imbued so strongly with the desire for colonial possessions Baratieri was a colonel of Baratieri. In command of his regiment he accompanied General Gandolfi to Africa, where he has remained ever since, distinguishing himself in military operations against the Abyssinians, Somalis, and Derwishes. He became Governor and commander-in-chief on the retirement of General Gandolfi.

Baratieri has had difficulties to contend with which would perplex the greatest general that ever lived. The Derwishes, who have joined the Abyssinians, are fanatics. Their captives give the men a peculiar drug, more powerful than hashish or opium, before going into battle, intoxicating them and making them fight with the fury of demons. They care absolutely nothing for death. The trained soldier is at a disadvantage when pitted against legions of these madmen, bent upon slaughter.

Italy's Treasury is empty, and with no money to equip the thousands of necessary troops, it looks as if Abyssinia would maintain her independence, particularly with France and Russia at her back. These nations do not want Italy to gobble up the 130,000 square miles of territory, which, however, seems to be rich only in tradition.

GREAT "TWIN REBELS."

James Barron Hope and His Prophecy and Prayer.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

On reading "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves," the handsome volume recently issued by West, Johnston & Co., comprising some selections from the verse of Virginia's dead poet laureate, Captain James Barron Hope, and edited with loving care and much ability by his daughter, Mrs. Janey Hope Marr, of Lexington, every true southerner will especially rejoice that, among other fine specimens preserved, that splendid poem, "Memorial Service," which the Memorial Ode—has been rescued from the obscurity of newspaper files and given a fixed and worthy abiding place in American literature.

In its rare comprehensiveness, power, and delicious expression; in its historic truth, in its dignity, in its lofty patriotism, and in its sublime Christian faith, as a superb epitome, in fact, of the stern and touching story of the Confederacy—this poem alone should be sufficient to immortalize the noble life of the poet, and win for this "Virginia of Virgilians" the undying gratitude of the people of the South.

While many of the sentiments expressed by him have in various times and places, and in various forms, been ably and happily presented by other southern speakers and writers—good men and true—it seems to have been left to his marvelous mental grasp and beautiful poetic genius to crystallize so signally our views in this regard, and compress within the compass of this brief ode such an unrivaled wealth of fact and southern spirit.

The poem has the martial ring of "Horatius," yet closes as softly as a mother's prayer; and the great Captain, whose life and whole people it commemorates, must, indeed, have smiled down from on high with approval when he saw how well the grand lessons he had ever striven to inculcate were being still further impressed on the nation's mind, and transmitted to the future in such splendid and enduring form by one of his lieutenants.

When the subject of the poem and the occasion for which it was written are considered in all their bearings, it would seem that "the hour and the man had come"—and that the man was Hope, one, too, of those men of whom he so well speaks as "fore-ordained and long-maturing."

In regarding this stirring epic and his other war pieces one realizes the force of the old saying, "Let me but make the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes the laws." Well, indeed, does Mrs. Marr put it, in her introductory sketch of the poet, that which is the soul of every true poem—a living succession of concrete images and pictures.

Two points, however, in the Memorial Ode—in the closing stanza, the fifth—stand out in its memory, and are of conspicuous distinctness over all else that he wrote in this strain, and cannot but greatly impress a thoughtful "outsider"; and they may be termed a prophecy and a prayer—two calm, deliberate forecasts of the poet, speaking for his section—as to the future status of Lee as patriot and peer of Washington, and his thrilling invocation to the southern people to bow like Robert Lee, with Christian resignation, to the will of the God of Battles.

The stanza runs as follows:

When the effigy of Washington
In his bronze was reared on high,
"Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here today, my countrymen,
I tell you Lee has been
With that great "rebel" down the years—
"Twas mine, side by side—
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

These two shall ride immortal
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up steadily history,
And blaze in Epic Rhyme.
Both patriots, both Virginians true
Both "rebels," both sublime.

Our past is full of glory,
It is a shut-in life,
The pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee—
And a future spreads before us,
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my countrymen,
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel: It was "Our Father"
Who above us held the rod,
And from his hill Lee
Like Robert Lee
How reverently to God.

If Washington and Lee are the pillars overlooking our "sea," surely the sublime sentiments embodied in this prophecy and in this prayer will be as light-bearers on

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Late in the fall we bought a big job of elegant Broadcloth Silks that cost \$2.25 to import. Monday we shall place on sale all of the medium shades, embracing the following combination of favorite colors:

Mahogany and Cardinal, Green and Black, Black and Peacock, Black and Cerise, Myrtle and Garnet, Cinnamon and Black, Black and Cardinal, Black and Royal, Mareson and Peacock, Blue Mareson and Black, Wood Brown and Lavender, Wood Brown and Mahogany, Brown and Brown, Moss and Gold, Black and Olive.

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Watch this department carefully, as we shall add different kinds from time to time.

Be sure to see our line of Crepe Silk Draperies, newest effects, choicest patterns are here displayed.

75c. a Yard.

New offerings of this week will be: Irish Homespun, Cable Torts, Check and White flannel for waists and dresses. Very elaborate patterns in Grass Linen, Embroideries, and Insertings for 37c. a yard and up.

A new feature of this store is Home-Made Infants' and Children's Dresses, Underwear, in Muslin and Silk. We just opened 15 pieces of Floured Crepe Drapery; it is worth fully 25c. a yard.

A Card.

Mr. John O. Sale, lately with the Four-Corner-Price Company, will be with us on and after to-morrow, and will gladly see and serve his friends.

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We have about twenty pieces of our elegant 75, 55c., and \$1 Dresden Silks in the medium fall and winter colors, but most desirable for spring wear, in shades you most prefer—Blue, Green, and Tan, and other popular effects—

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Dress Goods.

Black Henrietta, all Wool, 28 inches wide, 55c.

All through our Dress Goods Department you will find so many interesting things for your mother, your children, or for yourself.

Fine All-Wool Black Henrietta, 46 inches wide, 55c.

Black Serge, all wool, 26 inches wide, 55c.

Nobby All-Wool Black Crepon, 44 inches wide, 55c.

Black Storm and French Serge, 44 and 46 inches wide, all wool, 55c.

Figured Black Brilliantine, very neat and new, 25c.

Black Diagonal, 48 inches wide, great value.

Colored French Flannels, new coloring, 55c. a yard.

Shepherd Plaid, 12 1/2c.

Ladies' Cloth, 48 inches wide, great value.

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This department is complete, and has the admiration of all who have inspected it.

Art Goods.

There are about four dozen Centre-pieces, all linen, strictly slightly soiled, were 25 and 35c., to go at 19 and 15c. apiece—size, 21 inches square.

Tray-Covers, 15x21 inches, assorted patterns, 18c.; the 15x27-inch, 20c.

Just arrived: New designs in Irish-Point, Scarfs, and Squares: 20x34-inch Scarfs, 41c.

25x33-inch Squares, 52c.

Handsome Embroidered Shams, of most elaborate Open-Work Patterns. These goods are in such a demand that it is almost impossible to supply our patrons, \$1.35 a pair.

Hemstitched Tray-Covers, stamped, various styles and designs, 15x27 inches, 25c.

Do not idle your time away, young ladies. Are you interested in Fancy Work? If not, try it, and time will not hang so heavily on your hands.

Dollies, 5x3 inches, 5c.; 8x3 inches, 4c.; 10x3 inches, 3c.

Butter Dollies, 6x6, 25c. a dozen.

Tinted Table-Covers, with fringe, very pretty and ornamental, 42c.

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February 9, 1896.

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GENERAL BARATIERI, COMMANDER OF ITALIAN FORCES.

campaign in Madagascar the French had only to overcome the deadly miasma which permeates the island. The English in the struggle with Pempheh, the far-seeing monarch of Ashantee, had the same enemy to contend with, but to a lesser degree. Spain has same real fight, as she looks down upon all other nations of the world as inferior to them in Christianity. Their boast of their civilization, but it is a ragged and worn-out echo of the civilization which reigned thousands of years ago.

ARE STIFF FIGHTERS.

But for all that the Abyssinians are fighters. It is now more than a year since Italy began active hostilities, and to-day the Abyssinians have the upper hand in the fight. The reason of it is simple. Italy has about fifteen thousand men in the field, while King Menelik II. has 200,000. Only 40,000 of the latter at the outset were armed with modern rifles, but he is receiving fresh supplies all the time, and his fighting force is steadily improving.

It is believed that both France and Russia are silently at work in the cause of Menelik. A former French army officer, who had some years ago to establish and direct a powder-making factory in Shoa, in the southern end of Abyssinia, and now there is no danger of a scarcity of ammunition. Intelligent natives now operate the factory, and in addition to powder-making, they turn out thousands of cartridges every day.

While Menelik had only 40,000 rifles at the beginning of the war, it is believed that at least 40,000 of his soldiers are capably armed to-day, including a large body of cavalry. The rest are armed with two-edged swords and lances. These seem primitive in these days of scientific death engines, but in the mountainous sections, where most of the fighting has been done, they are capable of great execution. There have been few carefully planned battles since the opening of the campaign, most of the fighting being of the guerrilla order. The Abyssinians swoop down on a band of Italian soldiers, kill and wound as many as they can in a few minutes and then fade away. While the fighting lasts it is invariably hand to hand, and as the man with a long sword or lance is as good as the man with the magazine rifle.